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OF
SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, & INTELLIGENCE,
CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

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THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1841.

THE German Opera Company has closed its campaign and pursued its march; it is gone to give our Liverpool friends a "spice of its quality," and, we trust, to receive an adequate welcome and reward. At the conclusion of so important a musical career, we feel ourselves called upon to review and estimate the proceedings of the enterprise, and to offer an opinion of the results; this we shall endeavour to do with equal candour and sincerity.

If the speculation has proved a failure this year, which we trust at least does not reach the extent generally given, it will at once be admitted that no dispraise or blame is attributable to the artists, who, in whatever grade or department they were employed, evinced an alacrity and earnestness in the fulfilment of their several duties, which threw a peculiar charm over the whole performance, and afforded a fine artistic lesson to our native professors, vocal and instrumental, and to individuals of far more ambitious pretensions. The failure of the German Opera this season is easily traceable to various causes; amongst which, the principal have been, the magnificent tone of its managerial announcements, which long experience has taught us to be but so much mountebank delusion; the portentous vastness of the enterprise, which could not mask the limited means at disposal; the ridiculous high prices and affected aristocracy of the whole affair; the novelty, so great an incentive to public patronage, having been last year worn away; the lack of new material; the inferior performance of that, with which we were last year made more happily familiar; and the nature and quality of German Opera itself, considered as a distinct genera of the Art. Now, without recurring to these several errors and drawbacks separately, many of which are sufficiently trite and obvious, we will go at once to the last and most forcible objection, whence we would fain draw the truest incitement for our young native

composers, and the most inspiring hopes of the ultimate, and not very remote, triumph of Music in this country.

Every one is aware how vast an influence is possessed by those two social tyrants—Fashion and Prejudice—over matters of taste generally, and over all that relates to music most especially and conjointly; thus, while the one would persuade us that Italy is the musical garden, and the other insists that Germany is the musical mine,—they both agree in the self confirmation that poor England is but a rude wilderness, or at best an indurated rock, created but for the harbouring of migratory birds of song, and capable only to echo the minstrelsy of the stranger from whatsoever quarter it cometh,—borne down by this oppressive yoke of opinion, we have had a fearful but a noble task to perform, in struggling for the delivery of ourselves and our art; and while we are constrained to admit that the doings at her Majesty's Theatre present wherewithal to dazzle and mislead the judgment, by the super and hyper perfection of its singers, on the one hand; on the other, we must be permitted to question the boasted unapproachable superiority of the German, so far as they have come within our cognizance. In the first place, then, we find their instrumentalists by no means so highly schooled as the generality of our own; and their vocalists neither gifted by nature nor improved by cultivation beyond a degree of perfectability very easy of access—their chief success arising out of an evident consciousness of their own physical and practical inequalities, which leads them to conciliate by energy and action what their Italian rivals win by passion and superior endowment.

Next, let us go through the list of pieces performed during their late sojourn, and we shall find that their fruitfulness is by no means more attractive than their executive quality. The following, we believe, is a correct list—The *Zauberflöte*, *Figaro*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and *Seraglio*, of Mozart; the *Fidelio* of Beethoven; the *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, of Weber; the *Jessonda* of Spohr; the *Robert* of Meyerbeer; the *Templar* of Maschner; the *Masaniello* of Auber; and the *Night in Granada* of Kreutzer. If we take from this list the four works of Mozart, which assuredly, now-a-days belong to the world, (by the bye, two of these were originally composed for the Italian theatre, and set to the Italian language,) Weber's *Freischütz* and *Oberon*, the latter owing its birth to England and its patronage; Meyerbeer's opera, written for France, and in the French style; *Masaniello*, with which they can claim neither "kith nor kin," and Beethoven's great work, which has become a household study with every thorough musical family in Europe—if we except these nine pieces, and remember moreover that *Jessonda* and *Euryanthe* are equally familiar to us in private—where, we ask, is the "novelty" upon which the German Opera speculation has rested its attraction and pretensions?

From these considerations we deduce the obvious inference that Germany is not one of the exclusive hotbeds of the art; that whatever she may have been, her empire is now participated; and that in proportion to the numbers of her musical population she has fewer high talented performers and composers of genius than any nation under the sun. Hence, too, we arrive at the consoling conclusion that if,

as a people, we do not yet rank in the very highest regions of musical eminence, we have no contemporaries beyond us in the flight; and fully aware that we have talent amongst us at least sufficient for the production of a work like Maschner's or Kreutzer's, we turn hopefully towards the long-coming dawn of patronage at home, and cordially thank our allies from abroad, who have helped us to combat our oppressors, and assert (ere long, we trust, to win) our native rights as artists and as men.

C.

MUSICAL TASTE.

(Translated from the French.)

THE besetting sin of the age in which we live is undoubtedly an inordinate desire of stimulus, of increased excitement in the various arts that administer to pleasure. To obtain this, not only a variety of means is resorted to, but these means must be employed altogether. This state of things will not, however, appear surprising when we consider that laws, manners, and arts, are but so many links of the great chain of civilization, and are constantly acting one upon the other. Now, as the men of the present day have been born in the midst of revolutions of empires and manners, the consequence is, that they have acquired a vast range of experience, and rich treasures of information; but, as every good has its attendant evil, the edge of appetite becomes blunted by the increased means of gratifying it, till at last we grow lavish of such means, and fall into excess. If we add to this, that the calm of peace, which has succeeded to the agitation of war, has tended to concentrate, as it were, at home, that fermentation of mind which had before a wide and foreign field of activity, we shall come at the causes of that impatience which would fain force the growth of everything, and obtain a precocity of effect; which restricts the gradual development of legitimate comedy to the more crowded and more piquant incidents of farce; which prefers what is borrowed, to the spontaneous products of native invention; which can no longer endure recital, but will have everything in action; which will have a fortune made at an age in which formerly it was thought sufficient to begin seriously to set about it; in a word, we shall come to the causes of that insatiable desire of excitement which amasses the strongest means for the attainment of its object, till those very means come to defeat their own purpose.

And now to make a particular application of these reflections to the art of which I purpose to speak:—it is this impatience that has caused movements of the large and majestic kind insensibly to disappear from modern music; it is this which has produced laxity in composition, and multiplied scores in abundance, without any real addition to the stores of art. It is this avidity for excitement which, not finding sufficient effect in the combination of harmonic intervals, seeks it in accompaniments, which are obliged to supply the want by "sound and fury, signifying nothing." In a word, this is what is continually intruding into our orchestras those noisy and barbarous instruments, which, as a writer humorously remarks, will soon render it necessary to employ *twenty-pounders*, in order to the development of the stronger passions.

In this situation of things, which may eventually prove fatal to music, it appears important to inquire, "Whether the art is really so dependent upon the public as to be obliged to conform to its taste."

To whatever degree of perfection the intellectual faculties have attained in our time, it is erroneous to suppose that they are sufficient to confer any certainty of taste in arts in which they are generally but little practised, and on which they have bestowed but little reflection. The cause of this error may be traced to that self-sufficiency which, unfortunately, treads so closely upon the footsteps of knowledge. It is with music as with the direction of state affairs; every one believes himself prepared, even without the least preliminary study, to criticise the

measures of public men, for which it is imagined that nothing more is wanted than sound judgment and proper feeling—qualities, the possession of which is looked upon as a matter of course. And yet, whence comes that great diversity of opinions in the daily discussions which take place on the subject of music? Whence comes it, that what excites unbounded admiration in some, is blamed without reserve by others? Whence that inexplicable enthusiasm for one composer, and that unqualified contempt for another? It doubtless arises from the very imperfect way in which both the one and the other are understood; from an ignorance of the first principles of that art on which it is attempted to reason. If such be the case, then the matter is reduced to a question of feeling. We will inquire how far this is to be depended upon.

Does that collective being, named the Public, who so eagerly presses for admission to our theatres and concerts,—does he go there in search of instruction? No; he goes, with all his various faculties, in search of emotions, of pleasure, of amusement; for this nothing more is required than the power of feeling. Let us suppose him destitute of all education in music, considered as a creative art; if his organs are deadened and decayed, the art no longer exists in his regard; nothing can move him now but noise alone; if, on the contrary, he possesses the capacity of feeling in the most perfect degree, this very excess of sensibility will prevent him from forming a sound judgment, and will make him rest satisfied with what is bad.

The reason is this:—properly speaking, it is not the ears that hear; the impressions produced by sounds upon this organ, are only the occasional causes of the sensation or perception, of which the brain, the seat of the organs of intelligence, is exclusively the receptacle. Hence it follows, that the less one is habituated to sounds, the less, in reality, is the physical sensibility excited; while, at the same time, the intellectual sense is also less perfect. We daily see that military music, even when badly executed, and even that the isolated tones of a very sonorous instrument will easily excite an emotion in a great number of spectators, who would remain unmoved in listening to a masterpiece of feeling, spirit, and invention, if executed by a simple quartet of stringed instruments. In this instance it may truly be said,

Aures habent, et non audient.

On the contrary, an experienced painter will see many things in a picture which escape the vulgar eye, although the latter may be gifted with a much more penetrating sense of vision. A musician will distinguish the march of all the parts of the largest orchestra, though unable to hear the voice of a person at a few paces from him. In the arts, taste always proceeds from the simple to the compound. In literature, the first things that please are, *jeux d'esprit*, rhymes, &c.; but at a later period, the intellectual faculties exercise themselves upon more complicated conceptions; and having reached the highest degree of power, they seek a worthier aliment. In music, a melody pleases more than a grand air, an air than a duet, a duet than a trio, &c. In a word, the public receives what it can understand without effort, and rejects what is above its comprehension. In this manner, its taste, not being directed by principles, is subject to great fluctuations, has no relish for anything but what is familiar, and may easily be misled; but it readily returns to what is good, when made to understand why it is so. It is therefore the province of those who know what is good, and are able "to give a reason for the faith that is in them," to direct the public taste, and rectify it when it betrays a tendency to corruption.

Let us now examine whether music is really subjected to the dominion of fashion.

Imitators by nature, men lose, in the frequency of intercourse, their individuality of character; it is by reciprocal imitation that native qualities are weakened, and confounded together.

This instinctive imitation, doubtless, possesses great advantages; but it is not without great inconveniences, particularly in as far as regards the fine arts. The music of one country, by imitating that of another, loses its characteristic physiognomy, and assumes the features of different countries. Thus it is that we have sacrificed

something of our nationality, in this respect, in order to adopt the more alluring graces of the music of Italy. In doing this, truth and propriety have also been frequently sacrificed; for ornaments, or *floriture*, as the Italians term them, cannot but be misplaced upon words that positively determine the meaning. For instance, it requires all the power of habit not to feel the absurdity of roulades which suspend, during several bars, the last syllable of a word on which the sense of the passage depends. Changes, as I before observed, have, at various periods, been effected in music by the instinct of imitation; and this has led to a supposition that the musical art has varied according to the influence of fashion. This is erroneous.

There is but one part of music subject to the caprices of time, and that is, its exterior clothing, or the ornaments with which it is invested; hence, music composed for the voice only is less subject to the effects of age than that written with accompaniments. It is a fact, that Palestrina has oftentimes more of the air of youth than Grétry, though the songs of the latter are marked by great truth of expression; but, in our days, his accompaniments appear meagre and unsatisfactory.

There are certain kinds of music which, like certain women, have no other merit than that derived from flowers and flounces; they please at first sight, and on a first hearing. But, though they create a *furor* in the drawing-room, truth requires it to be told, that they are nothing, save for the eye and the ear. It needs no more than the breath of fashion to annihilate the frivolities upon which their vogue is founded. There are other kinds of more substantial worth, but whose expression, either simple and unpretending, or noble and imposing, has but little that takes at first sight; but which, on a more intimate acquaintance, captivates both the heart and mind, and we become attached to them by indissoluble bonds. These demand the efforts of a calm and philosophic observation; they require a mind possessing the faculty of seizing the finer shades of character—a mind that has early accustomed itself to mark the relations that exist between them, and to institute useful comparisons.

The true is the type of the beautiful; it remains immutable and universal in the midst of the changes of time, the varieties of country, and the caprices of fashion. It is by their truth that things are beautiful; and by that quality are they perpetuated, being invested with a hallowed character, which fashion dares not attempt to touch. Music, being the expression of the various passions which agitate the heart, can therefore be beautiful only when it is true, that is, born in the heart of the composer, and suitably disposed; for it is not sufficient to create things that are pleasing; they must also be stationed in their proper places. How can a brilliant air interest me, if, while I pronounce it to be beautiful, I feel necessitated to exclaim: *Sed non erat hic locus!* Would a painter represent a landscape in Spring, he must lavish upon his subject all the most seductive colours of his pencil; this is the melody predominant in music. But is it an heroic action, a dramatic scene, that is to animate his canvass?—the colouring is then but a secondary consideration; the essential requisites are conception and disposition; the artist must here be a poet as well as painter. It is in circumstances analogous to this, that music ought to put forth all its harmonic vigour. To give to a corpse the carnation of youth, to lead a heroine to torture or death to the tune of a country-dance, are offences against common sense, which a certain part of the public approve, with this salvo—"What signifies truth, if the colouring and the tones afford me pleasure?"

The musician is but the interpreter of nature; he notes down the cries of pain, and the accents of joy, and of the other passions; in a word, all the tones that nature has designed to characterize the effects which music seeks to imitate. This is the very essence of the art, and in no degree dependent upon fashion; here truth is indispensable. But inexperience confounds the body of music with its ornaments; the principal part with the accessories; and, in its regard, the legal phrase is literally made to hold good, that *la forme emporte le fond*.

But, it will be asked; "How comes it that the same music will frequently appear good to one set of persons, and bad to another? whence arises this diversity of feeling and opinion?" It springs from the difference of education. Different

countries have a feeling of preference for different kinds of music. Italy, for instance, so productive in fine voices, has a love for melody decorated by numerous ornaments. A more enlightened people, who, to a mild system of philosophy, unite the sensibility necessary for appreciating the fine arts, adopt a music which, together with simple and graceful melodies, combines harmonies at once pure and easy. All people have a natural desire for truth; the very inhabitants of the islands insulated amidst the solitudes of the Pacific, endeavour to attain it in their dull and monotonous, yet strongly-cadenced song; and though this cannot be honoured with the name of art, yet does it appear to be in accordance with their savage manners.

But, in the same manner as we find that systems of education, of religious belief, of manners, sentiments, and habits, as even the absence of education, lead men to substitute the authority of some particular period in the place of general authority; so do we sometimes find composers following the caprice of individual taste, and abandoning the principles followed by a Haydn and a Mozart—principles derived from nature, the results of the experience of ages—and sanctioned by all the learned who exert their talents in the investigation of the subject. It is doubtless necessary to adopt with care the spontaneous inspirations of the mind, the offspring of enthusiasm, which flash like lightning, and disappear as soon; and it is also necessary to elaborate these in moments of calm thought, in order to give them correctness and consistency. The most brilliant genius has need of great caution and study in order to regulate the rude products of a facility which is sometimes marvellous, but deplorable when left to unassisted efforts. Consequently, we must not, under the pretence of being natural, permit our melodies to ramble at will without rule or reflection; thus mistaking chance for truth.

If Buffon's definition be a just one, that *genius is an aptitude for patience, and that perseverance is talent*, never was there less of this quality than at the present day. Artists are determined to work quick, to do things off-hand, forgetful of the wise precept of Boileau:

"Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage,
Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez;
Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effacez."

Most probably, it is this rage for doing things off-hand, that has given birth to the exaggerated effects now employed, and which consists in doubling, tripling, and even quadrupling a single part by means of noisy instruments, or in making crescendos of fifty or sixty bars upon one and the same note of the bass. Something new must absolutely be sought, even though there be no such thing in the world. In this way an end will be obtained diametrically opposite to that which is wished; and it will be found impossible to produce the effect desired. Be it remembered, that the means of instrumentation are very limited, while those that result from the combination of sounds, from the science of harmony, offer to a man of genius resources of an inexhaustible kind.

PALESTRINA'S CELEBRATED MASS.

(From Miss C. Taylor's Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister.)

THE edict had been already prepared which was to banish music in parts, to ordain no other employment of it than the Gregorian Chant. It was at this momentous crisis, when the doom of the art appeared to be sealed, that a young man, scarcely known as a singer in the Pope's chapel, dared to stand forth as the champion and representative of his art, and its defence; to appeal at once to the head of the Church. This man was Luigi da Palestrina: "Ere," said he, "you decree the extinction of an art which Heaven has allied to devotion, and before you silence that gift of the Almighty which He designed to elevate the soul of man, to inspire it with pure and holy thoughts, and to connect it with Himself, listen to its spirit, and hear what you are about to destroy; I will reveal

it to you, for to me it has been already revealed!" Such was Palestrina's appeal in behalf of his art, and if ever the soul of genius spoke, it was then. I know of no such instance of that self-reliance which marks the highest order of intellect. *Who*, besides Palestrina, ever ventured to stake the very existence of an art upon the perilous issue of his own ability to reveal its power? His request was granted, and the promulgation of the decree suspended until he had completed his promised composition. Palestrina triumphed, and music was saved. We can scarcely place ourselves in the situation of those who first heard this extraordinary effort of genius; the effect must have appeared like the birth of a new sense, and awakened emotions before unknown: the scientific hearer would be made to feel that the erudition which he had been accustomed to regard as the end of study, was but the means to a greater end; and would be absorbed in amazement and delight at the effects produced—in this feeling we share. Time may have overspread the surface of the structure with a deeper and mellowed tint, but its noble outline and its fair proportions are unchanged.

NATURAL AND CULTIVATED SINGING.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

It is no uncommon thing to hear extravagant praises awarded to what is called natural singing, in contradistinction to cultivated singing; as if the perfection of vocal music does not consist in presenting it in such a manner as to sink the appearance of studied art in approximating natural beauties. That singing which is overloaded with gaudy ornament is as great a violation of good taste as excess of embellishment in rhetoric, painting, poetry, sculpture, or architecture. The supposition, that the capacity of presenting vocal music can come by intuition, is about as wise as its sister follies, that prompt men to favour impudent pretensions of quackery in other departments. It is yielding to the vulgar opinion, that ignorance is better than knowledge. The very perfection of the art consists in presenting the most finished compositions in the agreeable and pleasant manner which disguises the elaborate process of study through which the vocalist has passed. It is only the second-rate performer that aims at surprising difficulties and exuberance of ornament. The true uses of music are, to present agreeable images, create pleasant emotions, and to give effect to worthy thoughts. Its highest purpose must of necessity be the most intellectual; and to be this, it must be comprehensible. Who speaks well of the oratorical rhapsodist that is not and cannot be understood? So with musical rhapsody. That is false which cannot be comprehended, and worthless which does not create emotions capable of analysis.

ANCIENT USES OF MUSIC.

Music, as a part of religious worship, has been in high estimation among all nations and in all ages. In the first age, we observe men handling their harps and organs.—Songs, with the tabret and harp, were not unusual in the days of Laban and Jacob.—With voices and timbrels Moses and Miriam, with men and women of Israel, sang and praised God when they had safely passed the Red Sea.—In the days of the Judges, sacred music was employed to celebrate the triumphs and express the thanks of the Israelites, of which the song of Deborah and Barak is an example.—The effects of the minstrelsy of Elisha and the harp of David, together with the general use of music among the Hebrews, and the tender or the majestic and sublime sentiments they sang on festive and on mournful occasions, and especially in the exercises of religious worship, convince us that music had attained a high degree of excellence in the days of the

Kings.—The songs of Zion were afterward famous among the heathen conquerors of the Jews. If the Hebrews "wept by the rivers of Babylon, and hung their harps upon the willows when they remembered Zion," their music revived with their hope of restoration, as appears from Ezra's enumeration of singing men and singing women, among those who returned with him from captivity. Music was admired and cultivated by the most distinguished and polished nations of antiquity. The Greeks and Romans used to accompany their religious sacrifices with hymns. When the laws of the ancient Grecians were proclaimed, the herald was accompanied with a performer on the lyre. The harp and melody of Amphion and Orpheus, however fabulous, prove the exquisite sensibility of the Grecians to the charms of music. We infer the fondness of the ancients for music from the wonderful effects they ascribed to it. It is said that by music diseases were cured, strong propensities controlled, seditions quelled, and passions raised and calmed; that Timotheus could excite the fury of Alexander, by the Phrygian sound, and soothe him into indolence by the Lydian lyre, and that anciently all laws, divine and civil, exhortations to virtue, the knowledge of divine and human things, and the lives and actions of illustrious persons were written in verse, and publicly sung by a chorus to the sound of instruments, which was found to be the most effectual means of impressing morality and a right sense of duty on the mind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "NATIONAL OPERA" FUND.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—As a Subscriber to a pretty considerable Fund, raised some four or five years ago at the instigation of Mr. G. H. Rodwell, for the establishment of a National Opera, I conclude, I have some claim to know what has become of the same or its residue. Having in vain endeavoured to ascertain by private inquiry any thing satisfactory respecting the said Fund, or its disposal, I trust to be excused intruding on you, to solicit some information on the subject.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

INQUIRER.

[We are fellow-sharers in the subscription to, and disappointment of, the attempt alluded to; and for the sake of general information, we print "Inquirer's" letter, hoping thereby to elicit a satisfactory account of the issue of the enterprise from some one or other of its conductors—a statement alike due to themselves and to their constituents, the subscribers.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEW.

Chefs d'Œuvres de Mozart. A new and correct Edition of the Pianoforte Works (with and without accompaniments) of this celebrated Composer. Edited by Cipriani Potter. No. 30. Coventry and Hollier.

THE present Number contains a Sonata, consisting of the exceedingly well-known air in A in G^{\flat} . This air is exceedingly beautiful, and is, as all airs for variations should be, exceedingly simple. It is one of the strongest proofs of a great mind to be able to unite simplicity and beauty. There are here no fanciful

changes of key—no inharmonic changes; the beauty of the melody alone *delights*, there is no occasion to *astonish*.

The 1st variation is one of the most elegant little elaborations of a subject which we ever recollect to have listened to.

The 2nd variation is a very good exercise for equalizing the pressure of the fingers.

The 3rd variation is in A minor; it is very agreeable.

The 4th variation is for the practice of crossing hands, the left hand occasionally having the upper melody.

The 5th variation is a very beautiful *adagio*. This, though very simple, is rarely played as it should be; there are no startling transitions to astonish the hearer, the effect depends on *every note* being played with the proper degree of emphasis and no more; the breaking of only one link spoils the whole chain.

The 6th variation is in common time; it is very nicely done, but contains nothing particular. With this variation the treatment of this air concludes. This is followed by a bold minuet and trio, neither of which contain anything very extraordinary. There are two errors of the press at the 10th and 12th bars of the 2nd part of the trio, where the naturals to the C's in the treble are left out; we should hope also that there is another error of the press at the 17th bar of the same part; as it stands at present, the augmented 6th on B flat in the bass, has a G natural taken by skip in the treble to begin the bar against it.

The Sonata concludes with a very dashing *Allegretto alla Turca*. This is to our ears so very characteristic of Turkish music that, (much as we detest them,) from association, we feel the want of cymbals and triangles.

The accompaniments for Violoncello and Violin are *ad lib.*, and for anything we can see to the contrary, with the exception of the parts to the minuet, they would be quite as well out, if they would not be better. This Sonata, though a very nice composition in its way, is by no means to be looked on as one of those things where Mozart put out his strength, but rather where he wrote down, as most of these airs with variations were written, not to please himself, but for his little pupils or the music-sellers. There is one thing which it teaches us, that the great excuse of the modern composers in *England* when they are shewn any bad music of their own, that it was written for the music-sellers, is no excuse at all; for here is positive proof that music may at the same time be both easy and good.

Chefs d'Œuvres de Mozart. No. 31. Coventry and Hollier.

This Number contains a Sonata in B flat in three movements.

The 1st movement is a most elegant as well as spirited *Allegro*,—showy, but not difficult; the first subject is most exquisitely melodious. The first part consists of first subject leading to half close on supertonic; then dominant subject with passages, &c., leading to full close on dominant. The 2nd part begins with a glimpse of the first subject varied in the dominant (F), then passages on transient modulations through C minor, G minor, and F leading to first subject in tonic. This, "selon les regles," is followed by 2nd subject in tonic, and a Coda or wind up concludes the movement. The order of the subjects of the 2nd movement in E flat is as follows: first subject, tonic; second subject, dominant close of first part in dominant; the second part commences with a little coquetry between the keys of F minor and A flat, leading through its dominant to the first subject on the tonic; this we rather object to, as the second subject follows so very close upon it also in the tonic, and the $\frac{7}{4}$ on the dominant followed by the common chord on the same note on the bar previous to the return of the second subject in the tonic is not sufficient to remove the feeling of monotony, more especially as the tonic is continued without intermission, even of a bar, to the end of the movement.

The 3rd movement is a "*Rondó Allegretto Grazioso*;" we are rather inclined to prefer this movement to any of the others. As a *Rondo*, it is restricted to one subject, and that when repeated, repeated in the key, notwithstanding which, this movement is to the full as interesting as, if not more interesting than, either of

the others. It flows without stop or break (other than the nature of the movement requires) in one continuous stream of melody from beginning to end. There is no need to recommend this Sonata; it can recommend itself.

Introduction and Polonaise; composed for the Pianoforte. By Arundel P. Hugo. Pilbrow, Exeter. Cocks and Co., London.

This is a Polonaise cut somewhat to the pattern of Weber's celebrated Polacca in E flat.

The introduction is rather long, (occupying three pages,) it is in C minor; as a whole, we are pleased with this Introduction, but there is one thing which occurs here, and which we must exclaim against, wherever we find it, namely, the augmented 6th inverted as a diminished 3rd. If Mr. Hugo will look through the works of the great masters, he will find how very carefully they have abstained from using this inversion, preferring to make the false relation which would occur were the F sharp, in the bass in the 1st page of Mr. Hugo's Introduction, made natural. The Polonaise itself is ten pages long; it is very brilliant, and its difficulty is by no means commensurate with its brilliancy. It will make a capital show-piece for young ladies. There is a sufficient number of sudden changes of key to make those who are not aware that learning is shewn by producing effects by simple means imagine it to be very learned. We recommend it to young ladies as very good practice.

New Edition. Se mai Turbo il tuo riposo. Cavatina and Rondo. Sung by Madame Catalani, and composed for her by Pio Cianchetti. Lavenu.

It would be waste of time to criticise the recitative, precisely the same succession of notes having been so often criticised when occurring as the recitative of other songs.

It is very much the practice among musicians to exclaim against such music as the Cavatina following the Recitative, as containing neither melody nor harmony; we think this very unjust; we are, for our own parts, very much obliged to any one who will write such. As we must have musical gymnastics, and must, if we go to concerts at all, go to hear singers practising their exercises, we think it better that we should listen to music in which any departure from the original must necessarily be an improvement, than we should be condemned to sit and hear a *singer's variations* on an impassioned morceau of Mozart or Beethoven. As we have strong men on the stage at intervals, is it not better that they should have improbable and impossible melodramas written for them, than that one of them should be put into Othello, in which, having no other means of shewing the peculiarities which distinguish him, he should, in the last scene, instead of smothering Desdemona, be seized with a sudden furor, take her up by the feet and knock her head against the bed post? Such music as the Cavatina under notice purifies the taste, and renders much the same service to classical music as the above mentioned melodramas do to the legitimate drama. The concluding rondo is quite difficult enough in itself, and has, therefore, not been altered by the *artiste*, so that in this movement we have the advantage of listening to the *composer's nonsense instead of the singer's*, as poor Weber said to a celebrated English soprano. We should recommend aspiring young ladies to buy this, and put it into their portfolios; by this means there may be some chance of making their friends imagine that they can sing it; and, to keep up the illusion, we should also recommend them never to try.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Metropolitan.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

It is not our province to meddle with theatrical matters, beyond the limits of the lyric drama, at present but a sad and empty vocation. We, however, consoled ourselves on Monday evening with the comfortable reflection that we were spared the censorship of "Romeo and Juliet," which, according to our notions, has been very injudiciously and in bad taste restored to the garbled, old fashioned, conventionally erroneous form of the "good old" unnatural school, after its recent renovation at Covent Garden, and the success which similar resuscitations have experienced. We are staunch champions for the integrity of an Author's work; we repudiate the idea that any mind but that of a Shakspeare or a Mozart can be competent to meddle with, much less to "improve," their mighty doings; and we are persuaded that were a new Shakspeare or Mozart born to us, he would be the last to make the attempt. We would fain bind both managers and performers by the utmost obligations of an oath to give us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." For the Players, it were almost supererogation to say that Mr. C. Kean, Miss E. Tree, and Mr. Wallack, as Romeo, Juliet, and Mercutio, performed and were applauded "passing well;" the play was also well scened and dressed, and evidently brought out with care—but our business is with the music.

The best spirit evinced in the production is that which dictated the removal of the old incidental music of the play, and the substitution of pieces in a better and worthier taste, composed for the most part expressly, and executed in a style which we had hardly expected from the musical *matériel* of the Haymarket Theatre. The tragedy was preceded by G. A. Macfarren's "Overture to Romeo and Juliet," which, having been frequently heard and criticised, is already familiar to the public; it is a very able and characteristic illustration of the poet—the tribute of an aspiring mind to one already and for ever fixed in the highest altitude of mortal renown. It was written originally, we believe, for concert performance, which may account for the absence of the usual spirit-stirring *coda*, and for its comparatively cold reception in the theatre; but its author has followed the tragedy, and in presenting a faithful musical picture of it has given us a mournful catastrophe, leaving his hearers in the full enjoyment of a poetic melancholy, which cultivated senses will prefer to the conventional trumpet flourish of unnatural melodrama. In the act symphonies we traced several of the quaint but sweet old melodies of the Shaksperian age, for the most part airs mentioned or worded by the Poet, very cleverly arranged and instrumented, and forming a suitable frame work *en suite* with the tableau of the drama. The masquerade music is happily conceived and executed, being a sort of *Medley*, alternated between the orchestra and a brass band behind the scenes, thereby assisting and carrying out the idea of "a house full of merriment." But the most important musical feature is the Dirge, which has always been inductive of somnolency from the mawkish character of the compositions hitherto selected. The ceremonial of Juliet's obsequies is now treated in a musician-like way,—a kind of semi *requiem* being performed in one continuous movement, with *soli* parts, well sung by Miss P. Horton, Miss Mattley, Messrs. Caulfield, Crouch, &c. The piece, though somewhat dry, is written in a chaste and artistic style, and is extremely creditable to the talents of Mr. T. German Reed, the composer, and leader of the band, to whom the manager and the public are indebted for the very effective musical arrangements of the establishment, and of this performance in particular.

Foreign.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The new Operetta of M. Clapisson was produced on Thursday at the Opera Comique, under the title of "*Frere et Mari*." The actors were a little imperfect on the first night, which neutralized the effect; but the second performance was a rallying one, and proved completely successful. The overture is utterly and *entierement* French, commencing with a mysterious introduction, continued through a *mouvement dansant* in $\frac{2}{4}$, and winding up with the accustomed *chromatique*. There are some pleasant *motivi* in the vocal pieces which are cleverly orchestrated, and one or two of the songs have a *prestige* of popularity about them, particularly an air entitled *Ma Femme dort, ne la reveillez pas*. The libretto is a pleasant little Vestris sort of piece, depending almost entirely upon the acting, and is, therefore, unlikely to find its way on to the English stage till its musical actors have been drilled into something more like dramatic discipline than they have hitherto exhibited.

M. Girard's *Deux Voleurs* advances in estimation, and will doubtless have a long run. Halevy's new opera, *Le Chevalier de Malte*, is in study at the *Academie Royale*, where the *Freischutz* continues to draw good houses thrice a week. A Mr. Dunn, (from the principal London theatres,) is announced to sing "Jim Crow" at the Porte St. Martin, this evening; voila! a lift for the hopes of English vocalists.

Hotel de l'Ile d'Albion,
Rue St. Thomas de Louvre, 11me Juillet, 1841.

BOLOGNA.

The Casino Theatre will open this month under very peculiar circumstances. A new opera of Donizetti's will be produced, which Rossini will conduct, and the parts will be sustained by the Princess Poniatowski, the Princes Joseph and Charles Poniatowski, Count Martini, Count Louis Latti, and other amateurs of the nobility and first families of the city.

WEISBADEN.

Benedict's opera of "The Gipsy's Warning," translated into German, has been produced here with considerable success.

LISBON.

The only really successful opera has been Coppola's *Giovanna; Prima Regina di Napoli*; in which Madame Boccabadi created some applause; two of Mercadante's operas were performed, but they did not pay the expense of production. The building of a new theatre has been commenced, the cost of erection being defrayed by a lottery of shares; it is much needed, the present national theatre being little better than a barn.

SPAIN.

The musical horizon of this country has been long overshadowed. At Madrid, Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor* and Rossini's *William Tell* were performed without eliciting any marked applause. The roles were somewhat indifferent, from the want of encouragement or inducement for good singers to visit this remote capital. At Barcelona, Auber's *La Muette de Portici* has been a great favourite at the Lycée or Grand Theatre. Herold's *Zampa* was performed six nights. At Valencia, an indifferent company, possessing a single star, a Mdlle. de Franchi, have been giving a series of the most popular of Mercadante's and

Donizetti's operas; the former's *Giuramento* had a long run, but the Valencians prefer comedy to the lyric drama.

VIENNA.

The new oratorio of *Saul and David*, by Assmayer, has been repeated several times with great applause at the Hofburg Theatre under the composer's direction. Nicolai has returned from Italy in order to superintend the production of his new opera, *Il Templario*; at present it is not known how far the story coincides with Marschner's *Templer*. Mdle. Lutzer has accepted a lucrative engagement at La Scala at Milan rather than incur the risk she was likely to run of ever getting her money if she performed with the German company in London. M. Eisner, a celebrated Russian horn player, has been attracting great attention by the extraordinary tones he produces from the simple hunting horn.

Provincial.

. This department of the "MUSICAL WORLD" is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. We are, therefore, not responsible for any matter or opinion it may contain.—Ed. M. W.

FARNHAM.

A tenor singer of considerable ability, Mr. Field, organist, of Weybridge, Surrey, has been making a sensation during a musical circuit of the principal towns in this and the adjoining counties. He gave two performances here on the 1st and 2nd instant, at the Assembly Rooms, consisting of songs and recitations from Moore's *Evenings in Greece*. The music by Bishop; the first a description of the warriors leaving their home, and the second their return after the victory. On each evening a second part, consisting of "Jephtha's Vow," "The Death of Abercrombie," "O! 'tis a glorious sight to see," and other favourite pieces. The whole sung, recited, and accompanied by himself on the grand piano-forte in a masterly style. He also gave a lecture on singing on the 7th instant, interspersed with numerous useful canons for the cultivation of the voice, and illustrated by many choice specimens of the most eminent schools and composers. Mr. Field is a thorough musician, performing very skilfully on the piano-forte, and possessing a rich and powerful voice from G to A, (seventeen notes,) and his schooling of it has produced the most potent and pleasing results, while his pathos and intellectual style of delivery render him obviously competent to fill the station now so imperfectly sustained, of first tenor in our metropolitan theatres. The room was well attended; and the applause was loud and unanimous. The Bishop of Winchester has been pleased to receive Mr. Field at Farnham Castle, and has given him letters of introduction to several of the clergy and most influential persons in the diocese.

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.—The last performance this season by the pupils of the Academy will take place on Saturday next, at the Hanover-square Rooms, when there are to be three Pianoforte performances, a Violin solo, and Maurer's quartet; besides an overture by Goodban, a song by Lunn, and a concerted vocal piece by Hoff; also, an overture, by the most promising student at present in the establishment—Miss Louise Bendixen.

COURT MOURNING.—Her majesty has given orders for the non-attendance of her private band at the palace, during the period of the court continuing in mourning for the late Queen of Hanover. Several intended musical parties and *soirées dansantes* have also been countermanded and postponed.

MR. BALFE.—We regret to perceive this gentleman's name in the bankrupt list of Friday's Gazette. The meetings are fixed for the 16th instant, and 20th of August, at the Bankrupt Court, in Basinghall-street, when the creditors of the late English Opera speculation will have an opportunity to prove their claims.

MUSICAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the council on Friday, it was proposed by Mr. Hogarth, of the Morning Chronicle, and unanimously resolved, to present copies of the publications of the society to the libraries of the

principal musical institutions in Europe and America. This is a wise and liberal measure, obviously carrying out the principles upon which the Society is founded; and we should earnestly recommend a similar gift to the British Museum, were it not a notorious and lamentable fact, that the vast accumulation of music already deposited there is, for want of a competent musical librarian, utterly useless to the public, and but an incumbrance of so much waste paper in the stores of the establishment.

MUSICAL MONUMENTS.—An extraordinary and sudden spirit appears to be evinced throughout Germany, and other parts of the Continent, to do tardy justice to some of the most celebrated musicians, by erecting monuments to their memories. Considerable sums are being raised for this purpose, and amongst those selected to be commemorated are Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, Mehul, and others of less note. Let us say with the Italians, "*Meglio tardi che non mai.*"

MISS CLARA NOVELLO.—Our fair countrywoman has at length determined to go upon the stage, and has accepted an engagement for three years, to perform at several theatres in Italy, commencing at Padua, where she was to make her debut in "*Semiramide*," on the 6th inst. A thousand friends here will be interested in her success.

NEW EFFECTS.—At a recent celebration of Mass in the metropolitan Catholic chapel, Moorfields, in consequence of some dispute between the choir and Mr. V. Novello, the organist, the latter quitted the organ-loft abruptly, at the moment of commencing the service, taking with him the organ-score; and, in consequence, Haydn's fine Mass, No. 2, which is particularly full in the accompaniment, was performed by the voices alone, counting out the bars and other rests devoted to the symphonies and instrumental portions of the composition. Whether these extraordinary "new effects" were admirable or appropriate, we are not informed; but it is certain they were deemed worthy of imitation, like other musical monstrosities; for Mr. Lejeune, the organist of the London Road chapel, St. George's Fields, on a subsequent Sunday, indulged the congregation with a similar piece of heresy, both musical and religious. Surely their reverences, the church dignitaries, will not coolly suffer this mountebankry in their solemn service. As musical bishops, we would unhesitatingly subject the renegades to excommunication at least.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Italian Opera—this Evening, Saturday, and Tuesday.

Concerts d'Été at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane—every Evening next week after Monday.

Promenades Musicales at the Surrey Zoological Gardens—this Evening, Monday, and Tuesday.

Operas at the Surrey Theatre—every Evening.

WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"Divine Lyrics."—E. J. Loder. "Glide on, glide on."—H. C. Lunn. "*Les plaisirs des Dames.*"—T. Ions. "*Rhoda.*"—C. E. Stephens.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to numerous applications and complaints from our provincial friends, it is respectfully stated that the "*MUSICAL WORLD*" is published EVERY THURSDAY, AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, so that London readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and country Subscribers will receive their copies by the same evening's post, or through their respective agents in the district where they reside.

The terms of subscription for stamped copies, which ensures the most punctual delivery, are—sixteen shillings per annum, or four shillings per quarter, paid in advance. Parties requiring a

single number may receive it promptly per post, by enclosing a four-penny piece in their order, *post paid*, to the office of the Journal in London.

Correspondents are requested to observe, that all letters for the Editor, Works for Review, &c., must henceforth be sent, post and carriage free, to the care of Mr. H. Cunningham, at the **MUSICAL WORLD OFFICE**, No. 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. Many delays and disappointments having occurred through their being addressed to the former publishers. It is also necessary to notice, that communications received after Tuesday cannot be available for the current week's number.

"A True Lover of Music."—We have complied with his wish, and will at all times be ready to aid the cause of which he is so staunch a supporter.

"J. W. H." is sincerely thanked.

"Mr. Kettle."—If that gentleman will call or send to our office, the letter alluded to in our notice to correspondents may be perused.

"Vivace."—Dr Busby's Dictionary, though by no means a satisfactory authority, will suffice for the purpose.

"L. R."—The Grecian Saloon is a musical terra incognita to us at present, but we shall take an early opportunity to make a voyage of discovery in those far distant, ex-musical-world latitudes; in fact, we project the entire circumnavigation of the suburban regions, and will chronicle a faithful account of whatever we find in our pilgrimage.

"John" is requested to call at the office.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Collection of Beethoven's Works by C. Czerny, No. 30.—Tandella and Scherzen, with Variations in F - - - *Wessel*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Collection of Beethoven's Trios for piano, flute, and violoncello, No. 43, being the 17th Trio, op. 81, arranged by J. Clinton *Ditto*
Les Delices de Schubert. — Melodies gracieuses, for violin and piano. No. 1. Cooling Zephyrs, arranged by I. E. Hammers - - - *Ditto*
 Collection of Duets for violin and violoncello, No. 4, Mozart - - - *Ditto*
 First Duet in G, op. 25 - - - *Ditto*
 Ditto Ditto S. Mozart *Ditto*
 Second Duet in B flat, op. 25 - - - *Ditto*
Les Amables. No. 4. Concertante Duets for piano and violin - - - *Ditto*
 Cimarosa's Air in A, with Variations, by Guiliardi - - - *Ditto*

HARP AND PIANO.

Bochsa's three Airs from "Roberto Devereux," No. 1, A te dirò, Aria. No. 2, L'Amor suo. No. 3, Il vero virtesi, Duetto - - - *Chappell*

VOCAL.

Lover, S.—Sweet Memory, song - - - *Ditto*
 Guglielmo, P. D.—Oh, do not go, ballad *Ditto*
 Schubert. — Ave Alaria (with French words) - - - *Ditto*
 Thalia Sammlung Celebrier Deutschen Opera-Gesänge Mit Begleitung des pianoforte, A Series of German Opera Songs, with German Words only. No. 1, Wie nahte mir der Schlummer Scena ed Aria aus des Freyschutz, Von C. M. de Weber. No. 2, Und ob die Wolke, Cavatina, ditto. No. 3, Scenen Verlangen Aus der Oper, Euryanthe von idem. No. 4, Glocklein ein Thale Cavatina, ditto - - - *Cocks*

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